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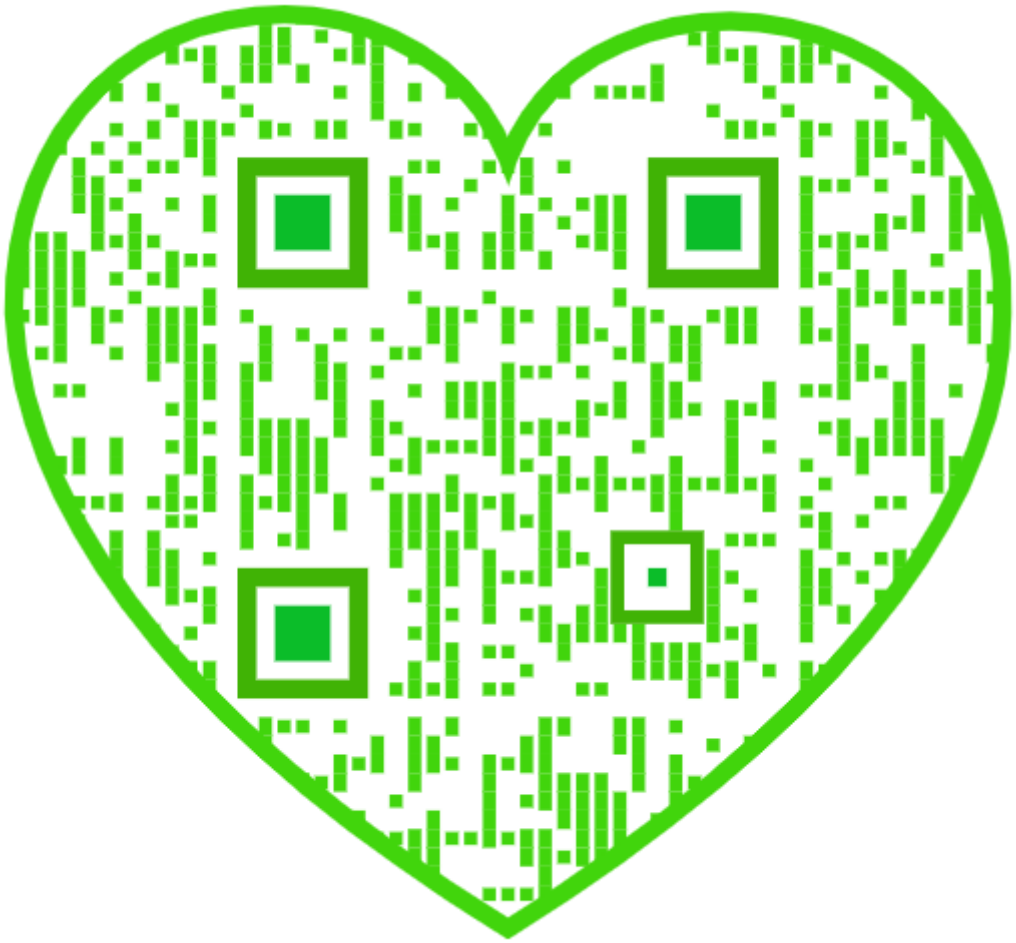

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A Christmas Blossom.

A CHRISTMAS BLOSSOM.

33

By Anna C. McLean.

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WALKING down the country road
This joyous Christmas morning.
The fairest bit of loveliness,
The pleasant scene adorning,
Comes the quaintest little maid
That ever chanced in meeting,
Smiling sweetly as she words
A kindly Christmas-greeting.

THE crisp air on her pretty cheeks
Has made them bright and rosy,
Her dimpled face so fair, she seems
A little winter posie.
Leaving all her sister flowers
Snug in bed below,
Impatient of the spring-time,
Come to blossom in the snow.

A BUNNY starts from out his home
Among the thorny brambles,
And spying quick the little maid,
Away, in fright he scrambles.
Oh, naughty bunny, thus to flee,
With neither word, nor warning,
From such a sweet and gentle sight,
Nor bid her e'en,—"Good-morning."

THE little snow-birds, wiser—far
Than foolish frightened bunny—
Peep into her dainty face
So smiling, bright, and sunny.
Flutter all about her path
Without a thought of danger.
Chirp: "tweet-tweet; how very sweet
This little Christmas stranger."

ANNIE C. McQUEEN.

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